Roxbury, May 26, 1858.

My dear Henry: H. C. Wright

Our excellent friend R. D. Webb is now under my roof, in good health and fine spirits, having arrived this morning from New York. His daughter went to Ohio, to be with the Sulicotes, several days ago, all unattended; but writes to her father that she got to her journey's end without any mishap. The son, Richard, sailed for California on Saturday.

R. D. W. has been busily writing letters to relatives in Dublin and to his daughter, since his arrival, and is now too much fatigued to send you such a reply as your letter of welcome and affectionate greeting might prompt. Of course, he and you will have much to say to each other when you meet, and that will be as soon as you choose to come out to Rockledge. We will endeavor to give you a bed and chamber by yourself each night, this week, that you remain in the city.

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Whether he will be present at any of the sessions of the Anti-Slavery Convention, to-morrow, is as yet problematical — for certain reasons.

I really regret that you keep such meetings in countenance, in New York and Boston, by your attendance, and participation in the proceedings; because it is, *prima facie*, before the public, endorsing Phillips's absurd assumption, that the Anti-Slavery organization is still a potent instrumentality, and, therefore, ought to be adhered to as of old; and those who think and act otherwise are virtually recreant to the cause. Whereas, the attempt thus to perpetuate it is born of egotism, and an ambition to play the leader, on his part. His cruel attacks upon my moral integrity in relation to the Jackson bequest, and upon my fidelity to the cause of the Southern freedmen, made through the columns of the Standard and other channels, are of so grave a nature as should make any of my friends shrink from the idea of playing into his hands.

In the resolutions presented at New York, the other day, there are two distinct thrusts at those who "have fallen out of the ranks"; and there is none bold enough to criticise or gainsay anything that W. P. may say and do on such occasions.

But come out, and take lodging with us, and we will have a free talk about matters and things.

Wife sends her kind regards, and will be glad to see you.

Fanny we hope to embrace by next Monday or Tuesday.

If you will call at Room No. 8, Studio Building, (the Freedmen's Room,) friend Wallcut will tell you where R. D. W. and I may be found to-morrow in the city.

Yours, always, and faithfully,

W. L. G.

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